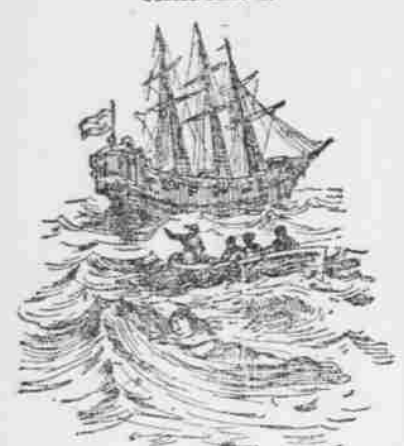


IN LOVE'S HANDS.

A LEGEND OF PENSACOLA—BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

[Copyright. All rights reserved.] CHAPTER I.



Pauline de la Chasie rose to the surface.

A French vessel bound for Mobile was captured and sunk by a Spanish cruiser soon after the recapture of Pensacola by the Spanish fleet in 1719. One prisoner, a slender and beautiful girl, was the only prize secured by the victors. The fight had been a close and deadly one, with a result not uncommon in those days when a naval engagement at sea was a mere matter of broadsides and boarding. Carrying fewer guns and lighter men than its adversary, and withal being much slower, the French vessel fell an easy prey to its victorious adversary. It went down with its colors flying, however, while the Spaniards were in the act of boarding it; but before this the deck had been so raked by cannon and muskets at short range that the brave little crew were nearly all killed, so that it was but a smoke grimed and bloody handful of them that cheered pluckily as they sank in twenty fathoms of green gulf water.

Pauline de la Chasie was saved from the fate of the vessel's crew by one of those strange chances which now and again intervene into real life. The most impossible appearing elements of romance. She had rushed upon the deck, wild and disheveled, just as the ship lurched forward to go. A young Spanish officer, bearing the honored name of Cortes, saw her, and this lovely apparition, lying in the smoke of the last terrible broadside, impressed him deeply. His imagination, like that of most youthful adventurers who were sailing the seas at that time, was a most inflammable one, ready to flare up vividly at every touch of the new, the strange or the beautiful. What could appeal more forcibly or more directly to the heart of such a youth at such a moment than the vision of a young girl, lithe, slender, lovely, with white arms outspread, yellow brown hair aloft on the breeze, her pale face upturned, and her garments fluttering wildly, running across the bloody, corpse strewn deck of the sinking vessel against which he had just been directing his guns? Indeed, so much was he affected, he started forward and stretched forth his hands as if to reach and save her.

Not one of the stalwart French sailors was overboard again after the water closed over the ill fated vessel; but the beautiful and frightened young girl, Pauline de la Chasie, rose to the surface and with her long, wet hair clinging close to her shapely shoulders and girlish bust, was seen tossing about on the short churning waves. In some way her clothes had caught hold on a fragment of spar, so that she had been kept afloat. Fortunately her instinct of self preservation had overcome her fear at the critical moment. With desperate eagerness and energy she clung to the bit of buoyant wood and was able to keep her head above the foam and spray of the noisy and tumbling waves, albeit she was scarcely aware of what she was doing.

Cortes, whose habit was to spend no time in deliberating at the point of an emergency, called for men and quickly had a boat lowered. In a few minutes the girl, in a semi-conscious condition, was on board the Spanish vessel, where she received every kind attention that chivalrous men could offer under the circumstances. The shock to her nerves had been very great, not only on account of the terrible nature of the engagement and the results following it, but more on account of the peculiar conditions under which she had left France to go to the obscure little garrison at Mobile, on the then wild southern coast of America.

In those days love was something to live for and to die for. To be romanced in love meant that along with youth and love went a certain romantic devotion which would turn aside for no obstacle, hesitate at no sacrifice. Man and woman, youth and maiden felt that to go to the end of the world for love's sake was at need the noblest of all tasks, the highest and holiest of all duties. The influence of chivalry was still alive, and although the formalities of olden knight-hood had mostly passed away forever, they lingered in the world, especially among the young and the brave, a spirit of honor which demanded extraordinary exactitude in the matter of keeping promises, and especially those promises bound by the golden thread of love.

Pauline de la Chasie at the time of the disaster to the vessel that bore her was on her way to join her soldier lover, one Louis Doucet, whose fortune had called him to Mobile. It would be very interesting, if space and the scope of this story would permit it, to go back and give the details of this romantic love affair, which bubbled in the fairest part of southern France, at one of the old towns whose ruins date beyond the time when the pope had his home in Provence, and whose roses are still the very ones of which the troubadours raved. We must be content, however, to trace the American part of what must always remain one of the most noteworthy strains of romance connected with the settlement of our southern coast.

The brave historian, who seems what ever is not dry as dust, runs over what he looks upon as mere incident, and he turns aside from anything romantic or touched with sentiment, as though he feared some lurking infection which might enliven his blood and send a thrill of poetry into his book and clouded mind. Still it is true that, to the large majority of readers, these personal incidents, these bits of romance that form the neglected fringe of history, are the very parts of the past which are most interesting. Pauline de la Chasie's experience certainly may claim the attention of this liberal majority. It was a

great undertaking in those days for a young girl not yet 19 to set sail with a crew of soldier seamen to go from France to America, yet this girl did it, as is well attested by records not to be disputed.

After a long voyage, during which the vessel encountered many storms, and was blown far southward of its proper course, it must have been almost unbearable, even to the rough crew, to see a powerful Spanish vessel bearing down upon them just at a time when the end of all their desires seemed almost in sight; but to poor Pauline de la Chasie it was like plunging into the black pit of utter despair. The shock struck her with the force of a thousand deaths, and yet she lived. In hearts like hers, so long as life remains, there's loyalty of the most precious sort and there is faith, though it may not give strength, affords a courage that meets everything with stout endurance. Pauline had already gone through experiences sufficient to have broken the will of almost any woman; but she loved Louis Doucet, and her love was strong enough to bear her up, even in the dreadful moment when the sea was ready to swallow her, and it sustained her in the still more trying scenes which followed her rescue.

The Spanish vessel, after its victory over its French foe, immediately put into Pensacola, which was then the stronghold of the Spaniards in Florida. Pauline, more dead than alive, was taken by Cortes to the house of his friend, Don Alphonso de Salcedo, the wealthiest citizen of the place, where she was cared for most tenderly by Don Alphonso's wife, who, childless herself, felt at once a mother's sympathy for this fragile and beautiful girl brought to her out of the sea.

For nearly a month Pauline was very ill, and as there was no competent physician in the place it was good nursing, aided by a nature possessed of great vital energy, that brought her back at last to safe convalescence and to full sense of the terrible trial through which she had passed. Then came the realization of what to her was worse than death—the fact that she had failed to reach Mobile, failed to find her waiting lover, and that instead of consummating her one all absorbing desire she had lost everything by falling into the hands of her country's enemies, against whom Louis Doucet was proudly bearing arms.

She found herself in a strangely appointed room, where the rudest workmanship in walls and floor was contrasted with pieces of furniture whose carving and cushions attested the most cunning and costly art of the old world. The couch upon which she lay was a marvel of luxury, while the window through which she looked out upon the beautiful, dreamy bay was no more than a square hole through the wall of rough pine logs. Evidently Don Alphonso was making his life at Pensacola one of far less hardship than might have been looked for in that wild little village, so long the rendezvous for corsair and buccaner in the days when all the world was against Spain. From her delicately perfumed pillow Pauline could see some piratical looking vessels at anchor in the harbor, and she could hear the confused noises of a busy garrison, intent upon completing some fortifications, not far away.

The breath of the early tropic summer strayed in, bearing the rich fragrance of roses and the fine aroma of the blooming acacia trees. Awakening as from a long dream, Pauline's first thought, after the sudden confusion of recollections had subsided, was that of resuming her journey toward her lover; but soon enough the impossibility of such a thing rushed upon her mind with such force that with a piteous moan she sank again into a state of unconsciousness. At that sound a dark little woman, quite past the prime of life and wrinkled enough to have been 80, came from behind a curtain which covered a narrow doorway, and hurried with soft, swift footfalls to the bedside. With a singularly kind and gentle expression she peered into the girl's face, touched her pale forehead with her thin, fallow fingers, softly adjusted the rich coverings of the couch, smoothed the pillows and then, with a catlike noiseless motion, slipped into a chair close by and assumed an attitude of expectant, solicitous watchfulness. Although she was the wife of Don Alphonso, her face was French in all its features; and when at last Pauline returned again to consciousness it was the sweet accent of Provence that came to her ear.

"Dear little mademoiselle," it murmured tenderly, "do you feel better now?"

A soft hand brushed with a cooling touch across her cheek and temple. Pauline felt the heavy lids to look into those deep set, innocent eyes that hung over her so inquiringly. The voice was soothing in a way and the hand was so motherly and comforting to one who, an orphan from childhood, was now so far away from every familiar sight or sound.

"Just a drop of this, my child," the lady added, letting fall a small liquid potion between the girl's parted lips. "You are much better now, dear; you are going to get well."

She took Pauline's bloodless hand and chafed it lightly with the caressing touch of a woman famishing for love and for something to love.

"Shut your sweet eyes, now, mademoiselle, and sleep a little more; just a little more, it will do you good."

Whether it was the liquid or whether the magnetic contact of those motherly hands and the lull-like intonations of that sweet, soft voice wrought the effect, Pauline fell at once into a gentle and refreshing sleep. Once or twice she stirred lightly and murmured: "Yes, Louis, I am coming." The watching woman smiled strangely meantime and gazed with a dreamy reminiscent expression out over the bay to where the sun was gliding some vagrant gulf caps till they looked like vague floating domes of gold.

It is scarcely possible for one to realize how what a place Pensacola must have been for a refined and gentle woman to be caged in the years have hurried us forward so far from those wild, lawless, freebooting days that we can think of them only as appearing hazily through a mist of romance. The reality was romantic indeed, but it was harsh, cruel, painfully devoid of any high strain of endeavor, and withal brutally coarse, no matter how picturesque and interesting may have been its setting. Don Alphonso (thus we must name the wife of Don Alphonso) had felt to the last thrill the loneliness, the starvation of soul, the utter exile of the life which for years she had been compelled to accept. The coming of Pauline was to her at once a joy and a sorrow. For while it filled in

a degree the void in her heart, it awakened to renewed life and activity the sympathies which for years had lain dormant, and made her feel how terrible would be the poor girl's sufferings in the life which must now come to her.

"Poor little dear," she murmured, gazing half sadly at the delicately chiseled face and laying her hand on the yellow brown hair. "Poor little dear, I wonder what play of fate brought you to this terrible place." After a long, thoughtful pause she added—"And I wonder what at last will become of you." She shook her head dolefully and covered her eyes with the finger and thumb of one hand as if to shut out some disagreeable vision.

A heavy footfall in the adjoining room gave warning of the approach of Don Alphonso.

"And how fares the mermaid by this time?"

The light voice and the stalwart gray bearded man came through the doorway together.

The woman put her finger on her lip and shook her head.

Don Alphonso stalked in with that easy and careless swagger which in all ages has marked the man without a conscience.

"Beautiful as a saint," he exclaimed, stopping himself in the middle of the room and looking with admiring eyes upon the girl's white face. "Capt. Cortes is a lucky dog to capture such a prize."

"For shame, Alphonso, for shame!" whispered the Donna. "You will wake the poor child, and then your words are brutal. Don't speak again, she must sleep."

Don Alphonso was not a soldier. He was an adventurer who had come to Spanish Florida ostensibly as the agent of a great trading company, so called, but in sober fact his business was to forward any scheme, lawful or unlawful, for gaining wealth.

He was a very handsome man, and despite his wickedness had many traits attractive to women. His wife loved him passionately, but she had long since discovered that her power over him was not what it had been in the days of her prime when she was both beautiful and happy.

He stood quite still for some time with his gaze fixed steadily on Pauline's face.

His features relaxed and their expression softened. It had been years since he had looked upon the face of a young and beautiful girl. The vision recalled his youth and the season of careless, happy idling in the companionship of the pure, the beautiful and the good.

"The Holy Mother bless the poor girl," he softly said. "She has found but a poor exchange for the bottom of the sea."

His wife looked up at him and a warm flush stole over her prematurely withered cheeks. She arose, and going to him, laid her hands on his strong shoulders and said:

"My dear husband, we must save her; we must make her our child."

The man appeared to shake himself, as if drawing together his wits after a fit of abstraction. He smiled grimly, but not without a lingering tenderness as he responded:

"You forget," he said, trying to assume the swagger. "You forget that Capt. Cortes will have something to say in the matter." With this he turned and abruptly left the room.

CHAPTER II.



Every day the gallant young captain sent a messenger.

Pauline, when once she began to convalesce, soon gathered strength to sit up in her bed and through the ample window space watch the whitecap waves run across the beautiful little bay. A luxuriant rose vine trained over the outer wall of the house let fall heavy sprays of bloom and foliage below the rude window cap, and the perfume came in on every pulse of the summer weather. Very often she saw Cortes, active, dark and handsome, passing to and from in a light sail boat from one side of the little bay to the other, or going back and forth between the shore and his vessel, which lay at anchor within full view of Pauline's window. Every day the gallant young captain sent a messenger to inquire about her health and to ask if there was anything he could do for her, and one morning there came to Pauline's bedside a great pyramid of flowers, many of them new and strange in form and color. The room was fairly filled with their hues and filled with their sweetness.

The Donna, whose long and trying experiences as the wife of a Spanish adventurer had not quenched her French vivacity and love of romance, was delighted to see the attentions of Cortes take this delicate and lovely form. The rather ominous hints of her husband had been suggestive of unspeakable possibilities which, in view of the license prevalent in the colony, might be far from remote. The life led by the men in all the Spanish and French posts on the gulf coast at that time was, as a rule, one of unbridled debauchery. Very few women came from the old world to share the hardships of the new, but the reckless soldiers, traders and adventurers took them as called wives from the West Indies and Caribbean Islands, dusky women often as wicked and dangerous as they were lithe and beautiful. Don Alphonso felt, with all a woman's sensitiveness to such surroundings, the unutterable sufferings which might come to Pauline de la Chasie on account of her falling into the power of Capt. Cortes. True, Cortes was apparently an exception to the general rule among the men of Pensacola, so far as she knew. He had never conversed with the most vicious even of the officers, and his life appeared to be clean and noble.

Still the danger seemed great; and besides she had taken Pauline at once into her heart and she felt for her all the sudden kindled solicitude and tenderness that such a relation under such circumstances could not fail to engender in a breast so long deprived of every

softer experience so dear to a true woman. It was therefore a matter to start hope in her over apprehensive breast when the young man, instead of assuming the attitude of a libertine, began to treat Pauline with all the delicate politeness of a considerate and high minded gentleman, who might become a very gallant and by no means unsuitable lover. She had never yet inquired into the antecedents of Pauline, nor had she so much as sought to know by what current of destiny the unfortunate girl had been cast so far away from her native land; but it was not in the nature of things for Pauline to keep her secret. Indeed, Don Alphonso was at once surprised and dismayed when the whole truth was poured into her ear.

"Going all alone to Mobile to marry a French soldier!" she exclaimed when Pauline had ended her story. "Dear child, do you dream what you were trying to do? You can have no impression of the misery that you have escaped by falling into my hands instead of into the arms of a brute!"

"Hush!" said Pauline with such command in her voice that the old woman looked at her and started perceptibly. "Hush! Louis Doucet is not brutal. He is the very noblest and best man in the world. I would follow him all over the earth—I!"

She sank back upon her pillows pale as a lily and trembling with the intense emotion aroused by her thoughts.

"Pardon me—forgive me, dear," cried Don Alphonso, taking Pauline in her arms and kissing her. "I would not wish you for all the world. Doubtless your lover is all that you say; but, oh! my child, my child, it is a dreadful life. Think of dear France and the joyous existence of even her working peasants, and then look at the desolation and the despair which hover over us here!"

As she spoke her shriveled face was pinched and its sallowness was touched with a hot, flame-like glow. "If I could go back—if I could go back once more," she moaned, "it would be delicious to die and be buried beside my mother! Oh, Louis! Pauline—sweet child—how I wish I could save you, could bear you back to France!"

"But I do not wish to go back to France," Pauline interrupted. "I wish to go to Louis. I do not care to live if I cannot go to him."

As if the mere suggestion of being taken back to France had given her sudden strength, resolve and courage, Pauline threw off the arms of her companion and raised herself again to a sitting posture.

"How far is it from here to Mobile?" she inquired, in a voice so changed that the poor old woman caught breath, as if almost suffocating, and could not answer. "It cannot be far," Pauline continued, "and I must go there. Who can take me?"

The Donna clasped her hands and held them out with a gesture of supplication. When she could speak she said:

"It is impossible. We are at war. Even now the commandant here is planning an expedition to capture Mobile."

The girl sat for some moments gazing thoughtfully out of the window. Presently she turned quickly toward her companion.

"Please send word to Capt. Cortes that I should like to see him."

She uttered these words with the steady decision of one who has a well defined purpose in view.

The Donna recoiled. "Surely not!" she exclaimed. "You do not mean it. It must not be."

"Yes, I wish it immediately."

"But my child—"

"Loss no time, but go send for Capt. Cortes."

The old woman felt the sudden and great change in Pauline's manner and knew that it had a deeper significance than she could comprehend at once; but although she more than suspected that it might be the beginning of bitter shame for the girl she could not refuse to grant her request.

"Don't, don't do this!" she urged with a piteous weakness in her voice. "You are too young to have any idea of the step you are about to take. Let me be your mother, my dear, dear child, and save you from the dreadful life you would plunge into!"

Pauline answered with tender firmness, insisting upon seeing Cortes at once.

"Well, well, it is always so," the Donna went on reflectively and sadly. "I was a girl not so very, very long ago, dear, and I gave up all for a man, all for love. Look at me at the life I live."

She felt that her words were without effect on Pauline; she did not wait to hear the reply that might have followed, but arose and went to send a messenger to fetch Capt. Cortes.

An hour later the young officer, evidently not a little embarrassed, was shown into Pauline's presence. He stood before her tall, respectful, handsome, his fine head uncovered and his clear eyes fixed inquiringly upon her.

She moved her lips with a soundless effort to speak and made a motion for him to sit down. He took the designated chair with the prompt manner of one obeying an order.

Looking into his face gave Pauline courage to say what was upon her mind, but even when the courage came the task was not a triflingly difficult one. She felt that the request she was about to make must appear very strange, if not impossible of performance; still she did not hesitate. In the directest and simplest way she told her story to the young officer, leaving out nothing, and then in conclusion asked him to help her.

"I know you are noble, kind and good," she said, looking at him steadily, but with eyes whose deep and tender purity sent a thrill of inexpressible pity through him, "and I feel that I can trust you. Oh, sir, will you not help me to reach Mobile? I have no one to turn to but you. It was you who saved me from the terrible danger, the horrible death in the sea; save me now from this life which is worse than a thousand deaths and take me to my dear mother and my friends at Mobile."

It was hard for Capt. Cortes to say what he had to say; but there was no honorable course for him to pursue, save that of perfect frankness. He felt keenly his own situation, while his chivalrous nature burned with deep and strange sympathy for the sweet, brave invalid before him. It abashed him to think that he had been nursing tender dreams in connection with this beautiful being whom he had snatched from the tumbling waves of the gulf. Now that he knew her history and understood her desire he saw how fruitless and how unmanly as well would be any further thought of claiming Pauline's love; moreover it seemed to him the very refinement of misfortune that he must acknowledge his inability to aid her as she

desired.

"I should be glad and proud to do what you ask," he said with a sort of soldierly bluntness in his voice and manner, "but it is utterly impossible. The French do not respect us, nor we them. There can be no exchange of courtesies between us; so you see how my hands are tied in the matter."

Pauline clasped her hands and great tears dropped down her cheeks. Cortes saw her bitter disappointment with a sense of something like contempt for himself on account of his powerlessness condition.

"Believe me, mademoiselle," he exclaimed with sudden fervor, "I would gladly give you my life to serve you even in the least degree."

"I believe you, sir, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are nobly generous. But is there indeed no way? Must I choose between death and the acceptance of this life now afforded to me?"

Something in her tone and manner sent a shock through the young man's breast. Within the past few minutes there had come upon him the sweet, rich and yet saddening experience of love and loss. Before him sat the fairest and loveliest apparition that had ever blessed his vision. In his heart she had set the fountains of spring to flowing—the song and the bloom to gushing. The old, old story of the sudden coming of passion and the sudden realization of its hopelessness had been told once more between the soft pulses of the sub-tropic breeze. He bowed his head until his dark forehead touched the plume of his hat which rested on his knee. For one moment he gave way to selfishness, and the thought swept through his mind that he might have his own way with fate.

"I am sorry to have pained you," said Pauline presently. "I owe my life to you and I fear that I have appeared ungrateful. Pray forgive me."

Her words sounded to him like the rebuke of an angel. He looked up and said, as if in self defense:

"You owe me nothing but excretion. It was I who sunk the vessel which was bearing you to your lover. It was I who deprived you of more than life. Oh! Mademoiselle, mademoiselle!"

He checked himself with great effort and rising stood before her quite calm but pale, his eyes burning almost fiercely, his sunburnt cheeks showing the lines of suppressed but almost overpowering emotion.

"You did but your duty. I have thought all about it," she said, "and I do not blame you for it; but I am no prisoner of war, being nothing but a poor girl whose fate has cast into your hands."

Therefore it seems to me that you might let me go in all honor."

"I would not hold you one moment," he exclaimed quickly. "You are as free as I am; but there is no possible way for you to pass from here to Mobile. The thought is utterly untenable—the thing is impossible and not to be dreamed of."

No interview ever was more depressing and unsatisfactory to the parties holding it. Pauline felt that it ended all hope, at least for the present, and she lay upon her couch disheartened and purposeless. Cortes went away thoroughly wretched and at war with himself. He was in love with Pauline; his warm, arrogant Spanish nature had broken the bounds at once and now there was no limit to the passion that possessed him; but his chivalrous sense of honor, though overwhelmed, was immovable. The impression haunted him that, for the reason Pauline was in his power, he ought to free her, and because of his love for her he ought to restore her to her lover. It was well to harbor these sentiments, but what labor could act upon them?

Days and weeks passed by, during which Cortes brooded over the situation. Now and again he resolved that he would attempt to send Pauline to Mobile by some method, but as often he remembered his duty as a soldier. The French at Mobile were the very incarnation of all that was hated by the Spaniards at Pensacola, and to do any kind act for one of them was repugnant to every pulse in a true Spanish soldier's veins. Doubtless the young captain's passion for his fair captive made this repugnance all the more fierce and bitter, for the thought of resigning that captive to the arms of one Louis Doucet of the hated French garrison was the refinement of torture. Still he acknowledged in the deepest caves of his breast that duty of the highest and most sacred sort demanded that he should never rest until Pauline de la Chasie and Louis Doucet, separated by him, should be united by him. It is easy to see how, ordinarily, a struggle of this sort would end. Love, extol it as we may, is the hot bed of a certain kind of unconquerable selfishness. Rare, indeed, are the instances where love has been self sacrificing enough to turn over to its rival the object of its desire. There were moments when Cortes would have made the sacrifice, and at all times he tortured himself between the flame of passion and the hot iron of conscience; but he was human, he found excuses for faltering and hesitating, may even for what appeared to him harmless deception.

Almost every day he found time to see Pauline and to offer her some delicate attention. Meantime, as the summer passed away, Indian couriers began to bring word of preparations going forward among the French at Mobile for an expedition against Pensacola.

"I have not a doubt that Bienville will attack us soon," said Cortes, one morning early in September.

"And he will take the town, and then!"—exclaimed Pauline, clasping her hands and flushing suddenly.

She was sitting by the window. Returning health had made her form and her face doubly beautiful in the eyes of the young officer.

"But he will not take the town," he responded. "Our force is very strong and our fortifications and fleet are far superior in guns and effectiveness to anything he can bring against us. No, we will destroy him, almost entirely."

"No, no!" cried Pauline, "the French are always victorious. Are you sure they will come? Oh, but I pray that they will and then I shall be free! They will destroy you."

Cortes smiled, but there was a deadly pang behind the smile.

"You will be disappointed, mademoiselle," he said. "It is not possible."

Pauline saw the smile and instantly a flash of indignant resentment made her cheeks burn.

"When my people come," she said, "I shall see how you will destroy them."

"We are nearly 2,000," remarked he, still curling his lip, "and they are scarcely 500, Indians excepted. I tell you that they can do nothing, absolutely nothing."

Pauline sprang to her feet.

"You do not want me to be free!" she responded.

"You are nearly 2,000," remarked he, still curling his lip, "and they are scarcely 500, Indians excepted. I tell you that they can do nothing, absolutely nothing."

Pauline sprang to her feet.

"You do not want me to be free!" she responded.

"You are nearly 2,000," remarked he, still curling his lip, "and they are scarcely 500, Indians excepted. I tell you that they can do nothing, absolutely nothing."

Pauline sprang to her feet.

"You do not want me to be free!" she responded.

"You are nearly 2,000," remarked he, still curling his lip, "and they are scarcely 500, Indians excepted. I tell you that they can do nothing, absolutely nothing."

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonade Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests;
Pancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel
Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.

Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited
at 11

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—138 North Main Street
Yards connected with all railroads in the city

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

THREE FORMS.

STANDARD.

HOWE AND

FAIRBANKS!

When ordering state WHAT form is

WANTED.

J. O. DAVIDSON, President. THOS. G. FITCH, Secretary and Treasurer.

W. T. BARDOCK, Vice President.

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

Orders by mail will be promptly filled.

DAVIDSON INVESTMENT COMPANY.

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$300,000.

DIRECTORS—John Quincy Adams, John C. Derst, Chas. C. Wood, C. A.

Walker, Thos. G. Fitch, John E. Sanford, W. T. Buckner,

W. E. Stanley, and J. O. Davidson.

\$5,000,000 LOANED IN SOUTHERN KANSAS.

Money always on hand for Improved Farm and City Loans.

Office with Citizens Bank, cor. Main and Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro. Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district

records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's